

Aftermath by HobbitSpaceCase

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Summary:

“You know,” Billy said, leaning well into Steve’s personal space, till Steve was surrounded by the scent of his cologne and the heat of his body. “If you’re getting real desperate for sex after your girlfriend left you for a freak, I could help you out.” He leaned closer, speaking right into Steve’s ear, so that Steve could feel the brush of his words against his skin, could feel the ghost of laughter behind them. “You didn’t have to creep on a little girl to get laid.”

Aftermath

Author's Note:

I binge watched season 2 and then got stuck on these two losers and all the tension between them. This was subsequently written in a day and unbetaed. All mistakes, weird sentence phrasing, and pacing issues are mine alone.

Later, Steve will blame the sight of Nancy, beautiful and not his any more, at the middle school dance for not being better prepared for what happened.

He drove home with a head full of regret and heartache after dropping Dustin off, trying to convince himself that he was more interested in whether the kid would succeed in dancing with any girls than he was in whether Jonathan Byers was going to get laid. It was a fool's errand, but Steve had been a fool for a long time when it came to Nancy.

Thus, he didn't notice the figure waiting for him outside his garage until he'd already pulled in and gotten out of the car.

"Hey Harrington!"

Steve's shoulders went up around his ears at the voice, and he almost turned around and drove right back to that stupid dance, awkwardness with Nancy and all. Instead, he gathered his courage, stepped out of the car, and looked up. If he could face down a bunch of evil monster dogs with nothing but four kids and bat full of nails, he could face this.

Billy Hargrove leaned against the wall by the garage, sneering at Steve with a cigarette between his lips. The low light of distant street lamps made his eyes glitter with promises Steve couldn't decode. "What are you doing at my house?" Steve asked, keeping one hand on the car door. Billy's shirt was open at the collar and his hair done up like he was going on a date; a petty part of Steve hoped there was a girl somewhere being stood up while Billy settled whatever score

he had with Steve. With any luck, it was a girl as feisty as Nancy (but not Nancy, never Nancy) who would give him hell about it tomorrow.

Billy took the cigarette from his mouth and flicked it to the ground, spilling ashes into Steve's driveway. "You never did explain to me what you were doing in a creepy old house all alone with my sister and some other little kids," Billy said, sneer darkening into a twisted grimace of disgust while his eyes danced with laughter.

"I was babysitting," Steve said. He was not going to play this game. If Hargrove wanted to imply he was some kind of sick pervert, he'd just have to come out and make the accusation to Steve's face.

Billy's eye twitched. "Babysitting, huh?" he asked. "Were you also taking them on a field trip, because last I checked babysitting doesn't involve going for midnight walks in the middle of nowhere, and I remember waking up alone."

"So? I'm sure that happens all the time," Steve said, the words already hanging in the air before his brain caught up with his mouth. He had a moment of panic, where he remembered exactly how much he was still sore from the last time he pissed off Billy Hargrove, before the crazy asshole tilted his head back against the brick wall and laughed.

This guy's mood swings were going to give Steve whiplash.

When Billy's eyes met Steve's again, they were full of a new sort of darkness, something dangerous that pinned Steve in place as Billy walked towards him, until Steve was crowded back against his car without quite knowing how it happened.

"You know," Billy said, leaning well into Steve's personal space, till Steve was surrounded by the scent of his cologne and the heat of his body. Steve's hands scrabbled at the smooth metal of the car door, not knowing where to go, torn between the twin urges to push Billy away and pull him closer. "If you're getting real desperate for sex after your girlfriend left you for a freak, I could help you out." He leaned closer, speaking right into Steve's ear, so that Steve could feel the brush of his words against his skin, could feel the ghost of

laughter behind them. “You didn’t have to creep on a little girl to get laid.”

Steve jolted back, head hitting the edge of the car door. “I *wasn’t*,” he started, before his voice cut off with a shocked grunt as Billy’s large, warm hand cupped his dick and *squeezed*. Steve had an argument for that, he did, but fuck it was hard to remember when Billy squeezed again, just the right side of too much. And *shit*, when did he get so hard over Billy fucking Hargrove.

“Uh,” Steve said, very eloquently. Billy laughed, and Steve was so right when he thought that dark look in Billy’s eyes was dangerous.

He had a moment to worry when Billy’s lips pulled back in an equally dangerous grin, when Billy’s tongue darted out to wet his surprisingly nice lips, and then Billy was kissing him. Steve was so surprised it took him a few more seconds to realize he was kissing back. Billy kissed the way he did everything else - forcefully. His mouth was hot and slick against Steve’s, dominating all his senses.

The hand on his dick took Steve’s few seconds of distraction to undo his belt, open his pants, and slide back down against bare skin to grab his dick again without the barrier of jeans. It was such a well executed move that Steve would wonder more about it if his brain weren’t doing its best to melt with pleasure.

“Guess I finally figured out why the girls liked you so much,” Billy said against his mouth. It almost sounded like a compliment, but the slide of his palm over the head of Steve’s dick didn’t leave much room to appreciate anything else. Steve had completely lost control of this situation.

Not that had any to begin with, if he was being honest.

His head tilted back, eyes closing as he resisted the urge to thrust into Billy’s hand, and Billy’s mouth moved to his neck. The wet slide of Billy’s tongue against his skin left a trail of fire in its wake. Steve’s panting breaths and Billy’s soft chuckle against his collar bone echoed in the garage, dragging a bit of awareness back into Steve’s head.

“We can’t, we can’t do this outside,” Steve said. He’s pretty sure he meant to say, “Stop,” but his mouth had other ideas.

Billy laughed again, the hand on Steve’s dick tightening and tugging till Steve was literally being led by his dick down the car, till Billy’s other hand could open the back door and shove Steve down. The hand on his dick slid out of his pants as he fell against the back seats, but Billy followed too quickly for the loss to mean much for long.

“Still haven’t learned to plant your feet,” Billy said, a smirk twisting mockery into the words while he straddled Steve on his hands and knees, bracketing Steve in with his body.

“But you’re the one on his knees,” Steve said, hands running up Billy’s arms for lack of anything better to do. He was rewarded with another smirk for his trouble, and Billy came easily when one hand wrapped around the back of his neck and tugged him down. An errant bit of Steve’s brain noted how smooth his skin was, except for the stubble on his jaw. With growing courage (or growing insanity, perhaps), Steve’s other hand dipped beneath the open collar of Billy’s shirt, exploring more of that smooth skin with his fingers. A rush of power thrummed through him when Billy gasped against his mouth, and Steve ran his fingers over the stiff peak of his nipple again, drawing an appreciative moan from Billy.

Nancy had worn a few of Steve’s button down shirts while they were together, and Steve’s fingers already knew what to do to reach more skin. They faltered, briefly, when Billy’s right hand slid back into his pants, but he was finally getting himself back in gear.

He slid both hands down Billy’s chest once his shirt was fully open, thumbing at his nipples to feel the way his kisses faltered, to hear the pleased little noises Billy moaned into his mouth, the way his muscles flexed to keep the arm planted by Steve’s head from collapsing.

It made him curious, if his own nipples might be so sensitive. He’d always focused on his dick when jerking off, and no partner had bothered not to do the same during sex. Now he was acutely aware of his own chest even as Billy’s hand jerked his dick and Billy moaned into his mouth when Steve pinched and twisted his nipples.

Almost as if he could read Steve's thoughts, Billy sat back on Steve's thighs, staring down at him with wicked intention carved into every line of his body. Steve had a few seconds to mourn the loss of Billy's mouth, before his shirt was rucked up to his armpits and Billy's mouth was back on him, licking and sucking at his nipples and making Steve's back arch into the unexpected pleasure.

Yeah, this was good.

"Knew you'd be fucking pretty like this," Billy mumbled against his chest. Steve whines, hands migrating into Billy's hair and tightening at the moan that produced.

As much as he was enjoying Billy's mouth on his chest, the new position was giving him other ideas of where Billy's smartass mouth could go. He was almost surprised at how easily Billy went when he pushed him down further, till Billy was hovering right over the hard curve of Steve's dick, practically begging Steve to shut him up.

"Oh, *fuck*" Steve breathed, when Billy swallowed him all the way down in one go. If not for the hands holding his hips down, he would have been thrusting into the tight wet heat of Billy's mouth, fucking that pretty face till he gagged. Instead, he wound his fingers in Billy's perfect hair and tugged till Billy's nose was buried in his pubic hair, Billy's throat contracting around the head of his dick, and the bit of his brain not exploding took a perverse amount of pleasure in not giving any warning as he spilled into Billy's mouth.

Of course Billy fucking Hargrove swallowed all of it, throat working as he kept his head down and Steve swore he could feel Billy's smirk around his dick.

"Well that was easy," Billy said, after he finally pulled off Steve's softening dick with an obscene wet pop. He licked his lips and then leaned down while Steve was still blissed out from his orgasm, and kissed him. The kiss was hard and brutal, tongue pushing between Steve's slack lips to fuck into Steve's mouth, tasting of his semen and Billy's spit and cigarette smoke. Steve's mouth opened wider of it's volition, head tilting to improve the angle and let Billy consume him.

A pathetic whimper followed Billy's retreating form a moment later,

leaving Steve dazed, thoughts running into and bumping off each other like football players given three competing plays to carry out at once. “You want me to,” he asked, one hand sliding over Billy’s hip towards his crotch.

The hand fell back to the seat when Billy moved smoothly away, top lip lifting in a sneer as he ruffled Steve’s hair before exiting the car. “Stop,” Steve mumbled, limbs too sluggish in his post orgasm glow to bat Billy’s hand away from his head.

“Nah,” Billy said, bending over to stare at Steve from outside the car. His grin bared his teeth, yellow from cigarettes and street lamps. “Now you owe me one.”

By the time Steve pulled himself together enough to move, Billy was gone. If not for the bruises standing out stark on his neck when he checked himself in the side mirror, Steve would have almost been tempted to chalk up the whole surreal experience to a dream, the product of a mind fractured under one too many battles with alternate dimension demon monsters.

His life was fucking weird. Still, if the choice was between mind-blowing orgasms, even if they did come from Billy Hargrove, and demon monsters, he’d take the orgasms any day.

Nancy had moved on with Jonathan Byers. Why couldn't Steve move on with distressing and distressingly amazing sex with Billy Hargrove?

Author's Note:

Feel free to come shout at me on tumblr (trashmouse) if you enjoyed this, or just want to yell about Billy/Steve.